Social and Personal

Beautiful Long Ago.

I.
The tender gleam of the fading light
Falls over the drifted snow;
The fields and meadows lie cold and white,
As they did in the afterglow
Of that dear dead day, long lost to sight
In the beautiful long ago.

The stately poplars, gaunt and tall, gill stand a solemn row, As the day of our tryst below the wall In the twilight and the snow—The day you kissed me for all in all, In the beautiful long ago.

I have loved the memory and kept it green,
Though years may come and go;
And my heart beats fast when I catch

the sheen
Of light on the crusted snow,
As it did that day when I called you

"Queen," In the beautiful long ago.

IV.

And now when meadow and hill and lea
Lie wrapped in the drifted snow,
We meet and are silent-what change,
ah, me!
Since that day in the afterglow;

'Tis not the world that has changed, but

we,
Since that beautiful long ago.

—Laura B, Bell,

Interesting Address.

President Lyon G. Tyler, of William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va. an accepted authority on colonial history, will address the Hampton branch of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities next Saturday afternoon in the parish house of old St. John's Episcopal Church, on the life and career of "George Wythe," a distinguished son of Elizabeth City county. Of him it has been truly said: "One hundred and eighty years ago there was born in Elizabeth City county George Wythe, the great teacher and chancellor, and one of the signets of the Declaration of Independence. He was, without doubt, the greatest man the county has ever produced; for of him Thomas Jefferson wrote, calling him "My master and friend": He is one of the greatest men of the age. The honor of his own, and the model of future times."

Post-German Supper.

Post-German Supper.

It has become the fashion at the University of Virginia for many of the students to give joily post-german suppers in their rooms. Mr. "Johnnie" Boogher was the host of such a supper last week that was chaperoned by Mrs. Charles T. Venable, and included among its guests Miss Frazer and Miss Dodson, of Richmond; Miss Grace Anderson, of Alexandria; Messrs. John Hume. William Cocke, Spencer Aldrich, Dr. Charles Venable and Messrs. Meyers and Freeman.

Proposetive Weedding.

Prospective Wedding.

Invitations have been received here for the wedding of Miss Beeste Hellenger White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. White, of Hampton, Va., to Mr. Wil-liam H. Guy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adol-phus Guy, of Rip Raps, and associated in business with Mr. J. F. Rowe, of Hamp-ton.

lon.

The Rev. R. H. Potts will officiate, and the ceremony will be performed Thursday, January 25th, in the First Methodist Church, at Hampton.

The bride will have her sister, Miss Nela White, as her maid of honor. Misses Mary Bond, of Edenton, N. C.; Lelia Scott, of Portsmouth, and Mamie Rowe, of Hampton, will be bridesmaids. Other attendants will include Mr. Wilson Guy, best man, and Messrs, Jack Wyatt, R. C. Beasley and George W. Guy.

Parker-Welsh.

Parker—Welsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Welsh have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Anna Greenbank, to Mr. Alax. ander Parker Thornton, of this city. The ceremony will be performed at St. John's Church January 4th, at \$ o clock P. M. Miss Welsh is the accomplished daughter of Police Commissioner Joseph B. Welsh, and a brother of Mr. John B. Welsh, a prominent young attorney of this city.

Mr. Thornton is a son of Mr. F. A. Thornton and is manager for Thornton and Company, leaf tobacco dealers and reprizers.

The young couple will be at home, No. 2613 East Grace Street, after Feburary 15th.

Personal Mention.

Miss Mary Burwell, of Chase City, spent several days last week with friends here. Miss Madeline Bell, who is attending

school here, spent Christmas at her home in Bacon's Castle, Va. Mr. R L. Powers visited Mr. W. A. War-ren in Charles City county a few days

Miss Maymie Bayliss and George B.

Darracott visited at Brandon, Va., during the holidays.

Mr. A. B. Tyree, of Charles City, is risiting relatives here. Mrs. M. E. Dabney is visiting her brother, Mr. B. F. Jones, in Hanover county.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Gilpin and daughter will sail from New York on the steamer "Arabia," of the Whie Star Line, on February Sth for a tour of the Mediterranean and the Orient. "Kentmere.", their home in Clarke county, will be closed during their absence.

Miss Viola Mentleth returned to the Woman's College on Monday last, after spending the holidays at her home, at Low Moor, Va.

Miss Fannie Watkins, of Portsmouth, is spending the winter with friends here. Miss Sarah Roberton, of Staunton, is visiting friends here.

Miss May Hickman is visiting her father in Rocky Mount, Va.

Miss Lucy Jordan, who has been visiting here, has returned to her home at Olney, Va.

. . .

Mrs. J. A. Thompson is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Bell, in Fredericksburg.

Miss Jean Perkins returned to the Wo-man's College Monday, after spending the holidays at her home, in Stuart, Va.

Mr. C. L. King, of Pearisburg, Va., was in the city last week on business.

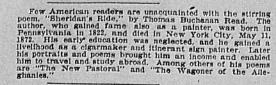
Mr. and Mrs. George Stoneman have returned to Columbia, after a short visit to Richmond,

Poems You Ought to Know.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

DRIFTING

By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.



My soul to-day Is far away, Sailing the Vesuvian Bay; My wing-ed boat, A bird affoat, Swims round the purple peaks remote:

Round purple peaks It sails and seeks Blue inlets and their crystal creeks, Where high rocks throw, Through deeps below, A duplicated golden glow.

The mountains swim; While on Vesuvius' misty brim, With outstretched hands, The gray smoke stands, O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles O'er liquid miles; And yonder, bluest of the isles, Calm Capri waits, Her sapphire gates Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if My rippling skiff
Floats swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls, Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals, At peace I lie, Blown softly by, A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild, Is Heaven's own child, With Earth and Ocean reconciled; The airs I feel Around me steal Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail My hand I trail Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes My spirit lies Where Summer sings and never dies— O'erveiled with vines, She glows and shines Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, With tresses wild, Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled, With glowing lips Sings as she skips, Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes Where Traffic blows, From lands of sun to lands of snows; This happier one-

Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun. Oh! happy ship, To rise and dip,

With the blue crystal at your lipt
Oh! happy crew,
My heart with you Sails, and sails, and sings anew.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
braids me with its loud uproar; With dreamful eyes My spirit lies Under the walls of Paradise!

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, Oct. 11, 1203. One is published each day,

in the city for the purpose of studying art.

Miss Lucy Stoneman has a visit to Columbia, Va. The Hon, S. Gordon Cumming has returned to his home, in Hampton.

Judge Dudley, of Washington, Va., is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Joel, of Roanoke, are in the city. The Charlottesville Chapter, Daughters

of the Confederacy, will award the crosses of honor in the Levy Opera House on January 19th. The Daughters will attend in a body as well as the veterans. War songs will be sung, and the old soldiers will join in the choruses.

Judge J. O. Shepherd and Mr. Paul Pettit, of Palmyra, are in the city.

Mr. C. C. Schoen has returned from a trip to Hampton.

Mrs. F. D. Wood, of Washington, Va., is in the city.

Hon. D. H. Pitts and Mrs. Pitts, of Albemaric are at the Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hungerford Griffith, whose wedding was celebrated last week at the residence of Mr. John G. Williams, of Orange county, will have their future home at "Twyford," Westmoreland, Va.

merly of Danville, Va., the marriage to take place January 2d.

Mrs. Rosalie Winston Rutledge, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest in Richmond of Mrs. Otway Alien. A number of teas and card parties will be given in her honor by friends among the society set of the city this week.

Mrs. Hunter Holmes McGuire, Mrs. Edward McGuire and little Hunter McGuire have gone to spend some time in Camden, S. C.

A dance at the Hernitage Golf Club was given last Friday evening by Misses May Goolaby and Lucy Skelton, and largely attended by their friends ameng the young people of the city.

Mr. John Horsley, of Levingston, Va., was in Richmond last week on a visit to his son, Dr. J. Shelton Horseley.

CHURCH, PASTOR. FLOCK GO OVER TO NEW FAITH

By Unique Deal United Brethren Absorb Evangelical Congregation.

Mrs. Charles Grattan has returned to her home, in Staunton, after a visit to Richmond.

Dr. G. C. Mann, of Montross, Va., is on a business trip here.

Miss Pearl Smoot returned to her work at the Woman's Collegedast week, after spending the holidays in Caroline county.

Miss Helen Herrack of Paimyrs, Va., is Miss Helen Herrack o

MRS. BROWN DISINHERITED, MAY SEEK STAGE CAREER



(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

PITTSBURG, PA., January 14.—Mrs. Grace M. Brown, the young Kentucky widow of W. H. Brown, only son of the late multimillionaire horseman, Captain S. S. Brown, may go on the stage. She has considerable talent in that direc-

It was anticipated that she would receive the bulk of her father-in-law's estate, but instead of that she was left only the life interest in \$30,000. The officials of several race tracks which she had visited with her father-in-law and in which he was interested have been making arrangements to set aside a day for her benefit, but Mrs. Brown has vetoed the proposition.

It is expected that W. Harry Brown, brother of the Captain, and who inherited the bulk of the estate, will make a provision for Mrs. Brown more in keeping with her relationship.

A GAELIC CHIEFTAIN'S WOOING

By EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY.

(Copyright, 1996, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
Not only had Torcall no love in his heart for Ardanna, princess of the Frith of Erinn, but there had come to him the whisper of another name, and when Olaf, his father, over-lord in Erinn of the men of Lochlann, had again urged Ardanna upon him, he turned away in distaste 23 soon as he might, grasped his weapons and sped away to the chase.
Yet here he was, his back to a rowan tree, his eyes unseeing, while he mirroried over and over one name. Breat of Light, Breast of Light, An Octa Solais. Haso the page had brought of his earst that name and the renown of his early that the choice did not seem easily within his reach do not rought of the danger. Breast of Light was the daught had not seem easily within his reach do not rought of the danger. Breast of Light was the daught had not seem as of groping men understood his escape. Then through doors and windows it was of groping men understood his escape. Then through doors and windows it was of groping men understood his escape. Then through doors and window had not have the collect garments, secretly, and two horses from the byte, the feets the feet had get his door, the high the proposed his nearly through the proposed his nearly the feet and mating. He threw back his head. "Even the birds have their choice, and shall not I?"

That the choice did not seem easily within his reach dd not trouble Torcali. His face lit up as he thought of the danger. Breast of Light was the daughter of King Garaidh, the Ceit, the bitterest enemy of the men of Lochlann. Well, he would look into her eyes.

"To the dun. Haco, and fetch two Celtic garments, secretly, and two horses from the byre, the floetest there, and food. We have a journey. We must be far away as the sun drops into the west. An hour later two Gaels, or so they seemed, sat upon their horses. Two days later, as the sun set, they forded with difficulty a madly rushing stream. "What dour churl is this?" laughed Torcall softly, as they reached the brink. Dour indeed he seemed as he scowled up at the two travel-stained men from his sent beneath the willows. "Hast no fair word for fellow travel-ers" asked Torcall, as they halted. It seemed that he had none at all. Torcall's quick blood mounted to his cheek. "Where bound' I say." He sided his horse toward him, and pricked him with his sword.

The mall sword had back revengefully. His eyes were upon their faces. "To the dun of Garaidhe hat will to be to you?"

Torcall answerded shortly: "It may be much." He pointed to the harp which lay at the other's side. "Is there a feet."

The harper looked derisively at the two dusty steeds, at the two of reat.

lay at the other's side. "Is there a feast?"

The harper looked derisively at the two dusty steeds, at the two men, unkempt, lest they should seem of too great importance.

"And wil you be guests?"

"We shall," said Torcall, quickly, "and lest Garaidh should have as harper a churl with no fair word. I myself have a fancy to that harp of thine, and to that kilt thou wearest so badly. On with it!"

No sooner said than done. Torcall dropped from his horse. The harper was a child in Torcall's hands. Over his head came the kilt.

came the kill.

came in ow." chuckled Torcall, "to cool
your wrath." Seven times he soused the
harper in the stream; then with his immense strength he lifted him above his
head. "Cross not my path again. Now
swim for it." He hurled him into the
stream.

merse strength he stream above his head. "Cross not my path again. Now swim for it." He hurled him into the stream black darkness outside the hall of Gardidh stood Torcall alone. As near as might be, in a hollow hidden by dense follage, lurked Haco with the horses.

From within came the heavy step of warriors, the clash of weapons and or tankards, the din of many volces. Torcall pressed close to the wall of the dun.

"Where is Domhnull, the harper?" came the deep volce of Garaidh—and Torcall laughed. He stepped forward to the entrance, unslinging the harp from his shoulder. He passed within, bowed low.

"Will King Garaidh accept me in nis stead? The last I six of that dour follow he was breasting the waters of the stream. I put him there, to get a civil tongue.

"Gaidh laughed a mighty laugh. He town Torcall's great figure as he stood bord him and lauhed again with relish." A swerd wood seem a better weapon in your hand than harp. Let us hope that you can pay a mighty strain."

Bowing again, Torcall sat down upon the steps of the dals and struck his insers across the strings. The firm chords filled the hall. And then Torcall let hall.

Flanked by his under-lords sat Garaidh. Near him, surrounded by her maldens, rested a figure all in white Torcall let his gaze rest full upon the steps of the dals and struck his insers and the hall.

Flanked by his under-lords sat Garaidh. Near him, surrounded by her maldens, rested a figure all in white Torcall let his gaze rest full upon the steps of the gaze.

An Instant had a sweeter strain. He turned his one-for Breast of Light.

Chare was silence in the great hall, brucen only by the clang of the spear of Garaidh as it slipped from his armor bearer's hand. He stooped to regain it. "Luck be," said the king, impatiently, but now the strains died away in a cascade of faint, rippling notes.

King Garadh volced his thanks, and applause rang down the hall. Breast of Light with her maldons rose to retire. As the girl passed she looked up at Torcall stepped before the dais, Raisin

At the doorway stood Dominuit, the hather.

Lie came forward with dark, triumphant fuce. Scarce waiting to approach the dais he threw toward Toreall ah accusing hand.

'I thought I had seen his face. Now, for all his degliese, I know him. It is Toreall of Lochiann.

'I thought I had seen his face. Now, for all his degliese, I know him. It is Toreall of Lochiann.

'Ucchianal Gault'. With hoarse gries

of battle came along the passages, up the low stair. She stood trembling.

There was a sound at the window behind her. She turned. A great figure sprang into the room, dashed out the feeble light, stood, breathing deeply.

Breast of Light shrank back, her paims against the wall.

I am Torcali of Lochlann, son of Olaf. Denounce me, if you will."

Now the girl gave a low cry.

"The same."

"First disguised, and now seeking refuge with a woman!"

Torcali leaned back, laughing softly. Though his enemies swarmed about him, he seemed in no haste now.

"Refuge! I am liking that."

"What then?" she asked, curiously.

"I came to take you for wife."

She drew up proudly.

"Listen," he said, in soft, sweet Gaelic (made, was it not? for words of love):

"They wished me to have to wife the daughter of a chieftain great in lands and wealth; but the breath of your name came to me—and stayed. I plotured to myself what you would be—the flower of the beauty of the world."

and wealth; but the breath of your name came to me—and stayed. I plotured to myself what you would be—the flower of the beauty of the world—"
"And I am not." She smiled demurely. "When I saw you my heart stopped." Her head dropped.
"I came to take you—but I hoped that when I came you might not be unwilling. Will you come? Look at me."
He bent toward her, but touched her not. The light of the moon was full on his face, noble, commanding.
She raised her own, and their eyes met, hers in a long inquiry which seemed to ask in this one moment all she would need to know for her lifetime's happiness.

She did not speak, but something in her eyes spoke for her.
He caught her to him.
A moment she hung against him, her heart throbbing, then drew away anxiously. "Come, I must hide you."
Instantly he was Torcall, the proud chieftain of Lechlann.
"No. I came disguised that I might first see. But I shall take you, asking no man, openly."
She shuddered against him. "It will he

no man, openly."
She shuddered against him. "It will be death to you. They are beneath the window now."

dow now."

He grusped the spear, strode over and looked out. Four warriors talked together. Suddenly one of them looked up, gave a hearse exclamation. Scarce had it left him when Torcall's spear was through his chest.

him when Torcall's spear was through his chest.

Scizing Breast of Light about the waist, he threw himself and her over the sill and down upon them. Crushed beneath them, one went down, Torcall fell over the body, but held up the girl safe from harm. He struck up the weapon at his breast, and with his free arm drove the breath out of the body of his foe. Now he was on his feet, and sprang toward the distant clump of trerang toward the distant clump of trees, where the horses had been hidden.

The cries had brought behind him a score of pursuing feet.

Swift as was Torcall, he was hampered by his burden. They gained upon him. Close behind he could hear the foremost's quick-drawn breath, almost feel the spear against his back.

Quickly he swerved from his track, threw out his foot, The spear went past his body. His pursuer crashed upon the earth, once again Torcall icaped, forward, and sounded a shrill cry to Haco. Then came the thunder of hoofs.

Torcall threw Breast of Light into the saddle and leaped behind her.

The all-night flight began.

As dawn streaked the sky, a messenger met Garaddn at the head of his resculpe met Garaddn at the head of his resculpe.

As dawn streaked the sky, a messenger met Garaidh at the head of his rescuing

Better Bond Both

your Employee as well as your Public Servant. You insure your property;

SURETY BONDS
FIDELITY & DEPOSIT CO. Assets, - \$6,068,738,16

Assets, - \$6,068,738,16

J. B. MOORE & CO.,

Will Far Surpass the One Held His Jump From Vaudeville to at the Temple Last Year.

PINK COATS AND HUNT COLORS | "FANTASMA" AT THE BIJOU

in the Country Will Be Invited.

The most talked of social event of the season is the hunt ball to be given by the members of the Deep Run Hunt Club on the evening of February 22d, Washington's hythday.

the members of the Deep Run Hunt Club on the evening of February 22d, Washington's birthday.

It will serve not only as a celebration of the great Father of His Country, who was one of the most enthusiastic fox hunters of his day, but also as the function which will close the gay season before the quiet of Lent.

Last year all the mazters of recognized packs of hounds were invited, and eight of them danced in the hunt lancers. This year the same rule will obtain, and masters of the great packs from Maine to Florida and from the far West will be asked to come to Richmond and sport the colors of their hunts.

Mr. H. C. Beattle, M. F. H. of Deep Run hounds, will arrange a meet on the morning of the 22d of February, to which all visiting fox hunters will be invited, and this day's sport will be followed by the ball in the evening.

The ball this year promises to eclipse even the brilliant one of last year, when nearly two hundred of the social set turned out to honor the sport which is as dear to the hearts of all Virginians as is the very air they breathe.

Powder and Pink.

The women nearly all wore powder and patches, while the men for the most

part sported pink, with the colors of their hunts on cuffs and collars of their evening coats, and wearing the knee breeches that so becomingly set off an evening coat of pink.

While the pink and Confederate gray of the Deep Run members was greatly in the prependerance, still there was also the white of "Warrenton," the brown of "Cameron Run," the white of "Blue Ridge," the black of "Chevy-Chase," the light blue of "Appomattox," the white of "Rille Ridge," the black of "Chevy-Chase," the light blue of "Appomattox," the white of the "Ritchley," and the colors of many other hunts, which made a brillant and inspiring seene.

Favors were given of gold hunt buttons, bearing the fox head device of the Deep Run Club, in scarf pins and in belt buckles.

At supper "fox hunting" was drunk, all standing, while all sang "Honest John Peel" and a score of other hunting songs. It was a night long to be remembered, the most enjoyable ball of the whole year.

This year the Deep Run Club has de-

year.
This year the Deep Run Club has de-cided to out-Herod Herod, and to give a ball which will, in a manner, indicate the

ball which will, in a manner, indicate the esteem in which fox hunting is held in the South.

The fact that Virginia has more fox hunting clubs than nearly all the other States in the Union combined, makes it proper that the largest and best known hunt club in the State decided make an attempt to bring all the disciples of Mr. Largest, together.

Jorrocks together

Beautiful Decorations. It is the purpose of the committee hav-ing the ball in charge to decorate the hall lavishly with hunt club colors and to provide handsome favors that will be all of "horse and hound" design. The committee named by the Hunt Club

is as follows: _Colonel Barton H. Grundy, chairman; Colonel Barton H. Grundy, chairman;
Mr. A. T. Harris, Jr., Dr. Robert C.
Bryan, Mr. Fred W. Scott, Mr. H. C.
Beattle, Mr. John Kerr Branch, Major
P. A. S. Bring, Mr. George J. Seay, Mr.
Andrew H. Christian, Mr. Allen Potts.
Mr. Thomas N. Carter, and Mr. George
Cole Scott, president of the club.
The subcommittees appointed by the
Chairman are:

chairman are: Committee on Invitation and Subscrip-

Committee on Invitation and Subscription—Mr. Andrew H. Christian, Jr., Mr. Allen Potts, Mr. Fred W. Bcott.
Music, Favors and Decorations—Mr. Thomas N. Carter, Dr. Robert C. Bryan, Mr. George J. Seay.
Supper—Mr. A. T. Hards, Jr., Mr. John Kerr Branch, Major P. A. S. Brine.
All members of the club are invited to subscribe, but no one not a member of the club will attend.
The invitation list will close on January 25th, and after that time no sub-

uary 25th, and after that time no sub-scriptions will be received.

MILLIONAIRE PACKER ADMITS HE'S JAILBIRD

Ferdinand Sulzberger Served Short Sentence in New York in 1868.

YOUN IN 1808.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—Ferdinand Sulzberger. of New York, millionaire member of the packing firm of Schwarzschild and Sulzberger, damitted in Judge Pinckney's court yesterday that he had been convicted of defrauding the government in 1888, and had served part of a jall sentence.

Louis Pfalzer, formerly head buyer of Louis Pfalzer, formerly head buyer of

Louis Pfalzer, formerly head buyer of cattle for the packing concern, had sued his former employers for \$15,000 for breach of contract. Mr. Sulzberger took the stand to testify regarding the contract, but the first question put by Pfalzer's attorney after the direct examination startled the witness and astonished almost everybody in the court-room.

"Isn't it a fact, Mr. Sulzberger," the attorney asked, "that you have been convicted of a crime and sentenced to fail, a part of which sentence was served."

"Yes," replied the witness, "but I was pardoned."

"You were convicted in 1888 of conspiracy to defraud the government and

paraoned."
"You were convicted in 1888 of con-spiracy to defraud the government and fined \$5,000 and sentenced to ten days in jall, were you not?" was the next ques-tion. tion.
"Yes, sir," was again the reply, and
that line of inquiry was dropped.
According to the certified roord of the
proceedings in the New York courts, Mr.
Sulzberger was convicted of "conspirage"
during the whiskey scandal investigations

during the whiskey scandal investi of 1863. Pfaizer got a verdict of \$14,000.

GEORGE EVANS,

"the Real Thing" is Remarkable.

Masters of All Recognized Hunts | The Rajah of Bhong, a Comic Opera, at the Academy on Wednesday.

> Mr. George Evans, who kept a large and enthusiastic audience in a continual roar of laughter through all too short two and a half hours of "The Runaways" at the Academy on Saturday night, is a diminutive comedian who will climb to a high place in his profession.

He is by far the funniest of the "funny men" who have frolicked behind the Academy footlights for many a day, and Academy footlights for many a day, and even the great and mirth-provoking Jimmy Powers will have to guard carefully the mimic laurels that now adorn his comical brow.

Evans is not unlike the jesting Jimmy; quite as funny and possessing a voice that places his rival far back in the cripple class.

The jump of "The Honey Boy," whatever that term may mean, from the vaudeville stunt to stellar honors with a big company behind him, has been no less sudden than it has been singularly successful; for he has landed on both feet in public favor and can look forward confidently to a brilliant future in the playhouses of Broadway, where salaries cease from troubling and the syndicates do the rest.

Mr. Evans will find a warm welcome awaiting him on his return to Richmond.

Adams is Treasurer.

Mr. Evans will find a warm welcome awaiting him on his return to Richmond.

Adams is Treasurer.

It has been stated that Mr. R. S. Merryman, who will lafeather serve as advance agent of the "Fighting Fate" Company, had served as treasurer and assistant manager of the Bijou but not in the employ of the Bijou, but not in the capacity of treasurer or assistant manager. Mr. Joseph Adams has for some time held the responsible position of treaurer, and Mr. Charles I. McKee, the manager, has no assistant.

The Hanlons latest spectacle, "Fantasma," opens an engagement of one week at the Bijou to-night. The company in quality and quantity is the best offering of the New Year at the Bijou. In the other cities on the Bijou-circuit it has broken all records, and new comes to make a new one localiy. The advance sale of seats is unusually large.

Rajah of Bhong.

make a new one locally. The advance sale of seats is unusually large.

Rajah of Bhong.

"The Rajah of Bhong." a comedy-opera, the book by W. L. Roberts and the music by Hal Campbell, will be presented at the Academy on Wednesday night.

The piece is in two acts and is gorgeously staged, the list act showing the gardens of the Rajah's palace in the tropical Island of Bhong, and the second revealing the throne roam of the palace. The story is logical, well written and offers many unique comedy situations.

Mr. Eugene Spofford, under whose direction the production is exploited, has selected an especially strong cast, the list of principals including Mamie El-More, who will be remembered for her clever work as the Princess Nella, in "The Beauty and the Beast"; W. H. Brown, the deep-voiced basso; A. C. Burgess, the well-known comedian; Richard Bartlett, who was the hit of Pift Parf Pouf last season; Jennie El-More, Lucy Burgess and Ralph Moore.

GONE TO THE BOTTOM

Wreckage Reported in and Outside of Virginia Capes Be-

lieved to Be the Russell. NORFOLK, VA., January 14.—Marine experts here believe that the schooner Samuel L. Russell has gone to pieces in Hampton Roads and that Captain Jones and four men are lost. Tugs coming in here report wreckage on Lynnhaven and Cape Henry beaches, and some outside the Virging Capes.

haven and Cape Henry beaches, and some outside the Virginia Capes.

RUSHING CORN SHIPMENTS.

The Swedish steamship Drottning Sophia sailed from here to-day for Harmburg with 200,000 bushels of corn, the largest cargo of corn which has been shipped from here for eight years. Another steamship will be loaded immediately, the plan being to rush all the corn which can be procured to avoid the German tariff duty which goes into effect February 1. The Norfolk and Western elevator is running day and night.

ALABAMA JOINS FLEET.

Repairs on the battleship Alabama having been completed she left the navy yard this morning to join the fleet in Hampton Roads.

At Exactly One-Half Value

We had a large quantity of Hand Bags left over from our holiday sale.

They must be sold at once; that's why a \$5 Bag goes for \$2.50. The higher and lower priced goods in proportion. The opportunity is ripe

for bargains. See for yourself. Our reputation for selling the best has stood the

Do YOU want THE Best? H. W.

Rountree & Bro.. Trunk and Bag Co.,

Retail Store, 703 E. Broad.

test of many years.